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Ten Cents
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LORING READING ROOM,
Plymouth Cordage Company.

The Doctor: ABOVE ALL THINGS, MADAM, YOUR HUSBAND MUSTN'T WORRY. PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER NOT SHOW HIM MY BILL JUST NOW.
"BUT I DID, DOCTOR, AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. HE SAID HE KNEW HE COULDN'T PAY IT ANYWAY."



W B

AMERICAS LEADING CORSET

**The New
"Shirt Waist Corset."**

A distinct and radical style, which all dealers sell—for which there can be no substitute. It is a luxuriously cozy model. It gives a low bust effect to the figure, rounding it off into curves. It does away with gawky ridges at the bust and at the shoulder blade. This corset is made of strong linen Batiste and French lisle net—the coolest materials ever woven; it is prettily finished and comes in a variety of models. The price anywhere and everywhere in the United States is—**\$1.00**. If your dealer hasn't W B's, send his name and **\$1.00** to us and we'll forward the corset desired.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Manufacturers,
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Ready October First.
LIFE'S GIBSON CALENDAR
For 1901.

Thirteen large cards, $12\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$, each having, besides the usual monthly calendar, large pictures and remark sketches by Charles Dana Gibson, held together by heavy cord, and handsomely boxed. Price, \$2.00.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Life Publishing Co., N. Y.



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⇌ Lackawanna Dining Car ⇌

E.G. RUSSELL, GEN'L SUPT. T.W. LEE, GEN'L PASS AGT. B.D. CALDWELL, TRAFFIC MGR.

LIFE

A Predatory Bit from the rehearsal of the Extravaganza "An AIR APPARENT"



Second Violin: YOU, OF COURSE, KNOW, SIR. THIS IS NOT MY REGULAR INSTRUMENT.

The Director: I WAS TOLD IT WAS, WHEN YOU WERE HIRED.

"NO, SIR. THE LOCAL MANAGER, MR. PLATT, WHO GOT ME THE JOB, SAID THAT, SIR—I PLAY THE SNARE-DRUM, CYMBALS, THE BASS-DRUM, AND FIFE, SIR—OR NOTHING."

The New Cry.



We have won the fight for Cuba,
We have set the natives free,
And to our joyful bosoms we enfold
them;
Oh, we love the noble Cubans,
As all the world can see,—

And we have a handy army there to hold
them.

We have burned Cervera's squadron
Off of Santiago Bay,
Where the flaming hulks have lit the mid-
night sky;

We have got the lovely islands,
And we care not if you say
That the palm belongs to Sampson—or to
Schley.

The Spaniard's power is broken;
In the East and in the West
We have helped his slaves to break the
chains that bound them;

We have sworn to give them freedom,
But 'twas only said in jest—
And now we'll leave them worse than when
we found them.

'Tis a noble occupation
To put down a tyrant foe,
And to ransom home his serf to field and
plough;
Even though the fool may tell you:
"Sheathe thy sword, let tyrants know
Its temper, but be not a tyrant thou!"

'Tis true we fought for freedom,
For humanity we bled,
And we called the world to witness our
intentions;
And before a gun was loaded,
Or a drop of blood was shed,
We confirmed our trusting friends in their
pretensions.

But, what can a Filipino,
Or a swarthy Cuban know
Of the noble art of governing his land?
Our Anglo-Saxon freedom
Is a thing we can't bestow,
And that only Anglo-Saxons understand!

Let us keep our "new possessions,"
Let us carry on the fight;
Let the sun on our dominions e'er be
shining.

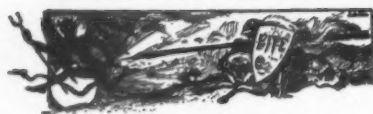
Never mind the quibbling traitors
Who dispute that might is right,
And declare our love of justice is declining!
Let us smite the Filipinos
On the mountain and the plain!
They have braved us—let us terminate the
fuss!

No! we'll never make them freemen;
They have had to sweat for Spain,
And we'll make the little beggars sweat
for us!

Peter Blackwell.

SOME verses, entitled "A Ballad of the Trailing Skirt," which recently appeared in LIFE, were stolen by the *Ladies' Pictorial*, and the *Evening Sun* of this town copied them in part from the *Pictorial* without credit to LIFE.

The *Evening Sun* is not so much to blame as the *Ladies' Pictorial*, but the attention of both is called to the fact that the contents of LIFE are copyrighted in both the United States and England.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVI. AUGUST 30, 1900. No. 929.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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IT is the frequently expressed regret of good Americans that we have no national anthem worthy of the name. Those we have manufactured ourselves are distinctly of inferior quality musically, and in literary merit they far from fit the re-

quirements of such a composition. The one we have borrowed from England bears the taint of alienism—not a nice thing in a national air. It is remarked that we are likely soon to be in the same bad predicament with respect of a national game. The one we invented or adapted for ourselves lends itself so readily to rowdiness and ruffianism that its usefulness as a national game has become sadly impaired. Even in our colleges, where baseball has longest survived in its early excellence, the evils of "coaching" and "rooting," together with hints of professionalism, are driving it into a minor place among athletics. The tremendously increased prevalence of golf and the rapid advance of the leading American players in skill lead to the belief that we shall soon beat Scotland at its own game and wrest the championship from England. In that event it may devolve upon us to determine whether we shall make golf our national game in the same way we have made "God Save the

Queen" a national anthem. Golf is an excellent amusement and has done much for the American man and woman in getting them out into the open air, but besides its foreign origin it is hardly strenuous enough; it requires too little brawn and muscle, too little of the heroic qualities, to make it a suitable game for a nation which just at present is talking about its readiness to lick all creation. If we should determine that golf is unsuitable, it might be wise for us to turn our attention to the possibilities of baseball. If a few decent and reputable citizens who cherish pleasant recollections of afternoons spent in the grand-stand "rooting for the home nine," and who still like to see hired men play baseball, should turn their attention to it they might eliminate the rough element. With a good example on the outside the baseball element in the colleges might be made to remember that a youth may be simultaneously a college student and a gentleman.



THE conviction appears to be gaining ground steadily that the United States would not be harmed in its foreign affairs by a little more aloofness. Matters in China have mixed us up pretty thoroughly with the other nations of the world, but unless present appearances go wrong we shall soon be able to withdraw—if we want to—from the China-whipping Trust and manage our own part of the aftermath arising from that business in our own way. Cuba is rapidly learning to walk, and will shortly be able to dispense with able American instructors like Messrs. Neely and Rathbone. Our over-chumminess with Great Britain under the chaperonage of Secretary Hay seems to have cost us so far only a slice of Alaska about the size of Massachusetts and the friendly regard and commercial liking of some of the other nations of the world. Our friendly efforts to civilize the Filipinos, although rather costly—two thousand American lives and one hundred and eighty-six million American dollars up to date—is bound to be successful ultimately and give Ameri-

can manufacturers a trade whose amount has not yet been estimated accurately. Our honest and straightforward way of dealing with the Porto Ricans in the tariff matter has endeared us to them as the Spaniards never were endeared. Thus it will be seen that we have done very nicely indeed with our new jobs, and the demand that we should try to be more aloof seems foolish. It seems to be founded on some unreasonable notion that we ought to come home and learn to hold one horse before we go outside and try to drive four.



ALMOST any effort which might tend to make the social set at Newport see the error of their ways ought not to be dismissed as wholly lacking in wisdom, but the recent attempt of the Rev. Dr. Braddin Hamilton in this direction does not seem to LIFE to be worth while.

Dr. Hamilton assumed that the conspicuous position of the Newport social set was such as to make their example have an important bearing on the lives of the American citizen at large. No doubt the doings of the very rich, as they are persistently chronicled and exploited by the papers, are a subject of some interest and curiosity among a certain class, but LIFE refuses to entertain for a moment the belief that anyone within the boundaries of the United States ever thinks of taking an ethical cue from Newport.

To the readers of "Society" columns Newport is undoubtedly a very important place.



THE clamor over the "shirt-waist man," which has taken up several miles of space in the newspapers, has been provocative of limitless discussion. Our national vulgarity is something which we are seemingly so proud of that we never lose an opportunity to emphasize it.

Whether it is proper for a man to wear a coat in hot weather is purely a matter of custom, and each individual should be competent to settle it for himself.

Life's Ticket.



FOR PRESIDENT,
W. W. ASTOR.



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
L. H. CHANG.

AFTER considerable difficulty in getting our candidates together, the wires between London and China having been sat on by Emperor William, we are at length able to make a declaration of principles.

PLATFORM:

First, and most important, we hereby announce definitely, that immediately upon the election of our candidates, England and America will be united as never before. The Prince of Wales will move to the Waldorf-Astoria, and Mark Hanna and William McKinley will be sent on by freight to Siberia, and from thence to Manchuria. Theodore Roosevelt will be forwarded in chains to Albany. The capitol will be moved to London, and Congress will meet at Pekin. We are red-hot for Imperialism, and want to be on the spots.

Second. All people who have accumulated enough gold to make it worth while will at once deposit it in the Imperial vaults, where it will be melted up and made into cooking utensils for the heathen Chinese.

Third. All Scotch dialect authors will be promptly lynched.

Fourth. The Philippine war will be pushed; a new regiment made up of members of the last Congress, editorial writers on some of the New York papers, and the principal inmates of the New York State legislature, will be sent at once to suppress the rebellion. We are determined to stop this war, if we have to send the entire staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Bookman*.

Fifth. We believe most firmly that abodes should be furnished for aged and decrepit reporters of the *New York World* and *Journal*, who have fought so nobly to uphold the worst traditions of their country, and to this end we shall have suitable asylums provided to entertain them.

These are only a few of our principles. If our candidates are elected to the high office that they want so badly, nothing will be omitted to place our noble land in the front rank. If we have omitted to mention any class, be not offended. We'll promise anything, trusting to manifest destiny to make you forget it. The world is ours.

Ruin in Its Wake.

BIGHEAD: War is a terrible curse, isn't it?

CRITIC: I should say so. I have noticed that every war adds a new dialect to our magazine literature.

A Sure Thing.

HE: Wasn't that you on the piazza last night?

SHE: No.

"Then I wonder who in the world it was I kissed?"

"You can probably tell by going there to-night at the same time."

The Missionaries and China.

TO what extent the missionaries have been responsible for the outbreak in China has been already a subject for much argument. The Chinese Government does not hesitate to lay the whole trouble at the missionaries' door, but then the Chinese Government is not a model of veracity. Neither is any government that LIFE knows anything about, for that matter. Perhaps not directly, but indirectly, the missionaries have been to blame for the disturbance. If they hadn't been there, no trouble would have occurred. China is a good deal like the old man in the story book, who simply wanted to be let alone. The missionaries, with their positive notions, must have been peculiarly offensive to a people whose traditions and life are so widely opposed to Christianity. Even to those of us who resent anything in bad taste, our own Salvation Army is exceedingly disagreeable at times, and we would willingly tell it to go elsewhere and make a noise, though we must know that in reality the Salvation Army is but inculcating the religion that Christ taught.

Altitude.

"HOW high was it where you spent your vacation?"

"About two thousand dollars above the level of the sea."

IRISH COOK (to milkman): What makes you come so early of late? You used to be behind before.



A RARE TREAT.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,185.77
E. K. S.....	10.00
Tuxeden.....	10.00
C. R. S.....	25.00
Conradine and Hildegard.....	6.00
Proceeds of entertainment given by the guests of Fairview Cottage, East Gloucester, Mass.....	10.00
Fingers and Company.....	14.00
Herbert C. Pell.....	50.00
Proceeds of entertainment by the fol- lowing children of Checkley House, Froot's Neck, Me.: Eleanor Tenney, Dorothy Wright, William Seeley, Robt. Seeley, George Hanna, Cary Gratz and Wm. Winlock.....	25.00
Elizabeth and Ellen.....	5.00
Box 979, N. Y. P. O.....	10.00
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The Gramatan Country Club.....	60.00
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The guests of Woodcleft Inn, Freeport, L. I.....	17.00
And the children, not to be outdone, gave an entertainment and collected	1.50
Jean Charters.....	5.00
A sufferer from the recent heat.....	100.00
H. W. Taylor.....	1.00
Chisel.....	25.00
R. R. H. A. P. & Co.....	4.00
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A Friend.....	15.00
Golf Sticks, Hiawatha Lodge, Axton, N. Y.....	70.00
Play given at Bellefonte, Pa., by the fol- lowing children: Katharine Curtin, Katherine Burnet, Isabel Merriman, Margaret B. Burnet, Marian Tingle, and Don Merriman.....	4.30
W. B.....	3.10
F. L. E.....	10.00
In Memory of Helen A. Palmer.....	5.00
A Friend.....	3.00
Col. J. J. Astor (additional).....	100.00
In Memory of L. M. F.....	25.00
Carleton Fay Wright.....	5.00
Virginia Adams Wright.....	5.00
James Bradley Thayer, 2d.....	10.00
Peggy Kemp, Gt. Barrington, Mass.....	10.00
In Memory of P. M.....	3.00

\$4,994.76

An Even Thing.

"HERE'S a man who says that prayer hasn't saved the life of a single missionary in China."

"Well, the Chinese converts have probably prayed that they shouldn't be saved."

The Sugar-Coated Book Review.

BOOK reviewing, as practiced to-day, is held up to scorn by John C. Dana, city librarian of Springfield, Mass., who declares that the so-called literary journals do not do what they profess to do—that not only do they fail to give the physical characteristics of a book, a knowledge of which is important to the reader, but that their habit of universal praise is absolutely worthless as a guide. Mr. Dana has in the Springfield *Republican* made a careful examination of four literary journals, the *Book Buyer*, the *Bookman*, the *Critic* and the *Nation*.

The first two [the third also now] are publishers' organs, and perhaps it would be asking too much that they should do anything but praise their own books and for the sake of peace refrain from condemnation of those of rival publishers. But if this is their policy they should not cultivate quite so sedulously the air of fairness and breadth. And of the purely literary journals like the *Critic*, which must support itself largely by the advertising in one column of the books it professes to criticise with unbiased mind in the next, it is perhaps seeking grapes of thorns to expect untried censure. But the three are in large measure typical, in this country, at least, of the journals to which the book-buyer must turn for information on the latest books.

The *Nation*, as the returns of my brief examination indicate, is almost in another class, and helps to relieve American book-reviewing of the full measure of condemnation.

MR. DANA finds that in these journals there were in two months two hundred and forty-three criticisms. This is not counting the minor mention of books, but only those distinctive reviews which are long enough to have a certain responsibility of their own. It must also be kept in mind

that the four journals named are the (so-called) leading literary journals of the country. Mr. Dana shows the following table:

JOURNAL.	Total Reviews..	High Praise....	Some Praise....	Saying Nothing	Condemn.....
<i>Critic</i>	75	40	15	17	3
<i>Book Buyer</i>	60	31	20	4	5
<i>Bookman</i>	54	39	9	5	1
<i>Nation</i>	54	31	8	1	14

All, it will be seen, with the exception of the *Nation*, lack the courage of condemnation. And of the one hundred and eighty-nine works examined by the three first named, one hundred and fifty-four are found excellent, and only nine are actually disapproved of.

This table tells the story of American literary criticism; it is "a chorus of praise." Neither can it be said, in justification of this endless gush, literary journals notice only the books that can be praised, those that have attracted attention and are for sale everywhere. "Book reviews are written to please authors and publishers." 'Tis true 'tis pity—and pity 'tis 'tis true. "The *Bookman's* one condemnation in its ocean of praise," says Mr. Dana, "was directed against 'David Harum.'" "Later the editor [Harry Thurston Peck] wrote a very flattering estimate of the book in another journal—when the tide had turned strongly in its favor."



"WHAT AN ELEGANT HOME YOU HAVE, JERRY."

"YES, AND THE BEST OF IT IS, THE LANDLORD HASN'T CALLED ONCE FOR HIS RENT."



T. KHANNA JR.
1900

Tom: I SIGNED A LEASE WITH YOU THE OTHER DAY FOR THOSE BACHELOR APARTMENTS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR. I WANT TO MAKE A CHANGE IN IT.

Agent: VERY WELL, SIR. WHAT IS IT?

"I WANT TO CHANGE IT FROM SIX MONTHS TO TEN YEARS."

Zoological Politics.

THE OCTOPUS AND THE HORSE LEECH.



THE Octopus sat in his shirt sleeves, fanning his imperial brow and benevolently assimilating checks from patriotic concessionaires, when the fat and oozy Horse Leech wriggled in and remarked, "How is business, Mark?"

"Business?" snorted the perspiring Octopus. "Business is not up to the mark, this Mark. This business of saving the country for our business is blamed expensive, and Gratitude, the handmaiden of imperial commerce, has gone into insolvency."

"Are the Business Interests slow in responding to their Country's call?" the Horse Leech asked, cautiously.

"Slow?" yelled the Octopus. "Slow? Why, molasses at the Poles is quicker. They don't appreciate the crisis. With industry flooded with water and prosperity they don't realize the virtue of contributing a mackerel to catch a whale. Our native land—Ohio—is in danger."

The Horse Leech hesitated. "The Holy Terror of Broncoville scares them," he said. "America's necessity is our opportunity; but the Garrulous Sombrero scares the open hand of Wall Street. He has taxed franchises, denounced peace and property, and flung bricks at the High Priests of the Golden Calf, and now he is the official attachment to the Imperial Jelly Fish, the nightmare of the Easy Boss."

"Tut! tut!" growled the Octopus. "Don't let a frisky thing like the Boisterous Bronco worry you; he is only our decoy, mere bait to catch suckers. We need him in our business this fall. You patriotic patrons of pillage have the Jelly Fish solid—as solid as a quivering proposition can be. For the ordinary American who loves a gold brick we need the Bucking Bronco, the strenuous, staccato shouter, who yells for the flag, demands gore, expands in hot weather, and warms the heart of Oklahoma and other places without delegates. Don't take him seriously; we'll attend to the concessions, contracts and franchises. When the campaign closes we will maroon him in the Senate and mark him down to thirty cents. The question now is, What will the fat and industrious Horse Leech do for his native land?"

"Times have been bad," the Horse Leech said, slowly. "Sugar is only paying five hundred per cent.; Standard Oil talks of liquidating; Tobacco is burning up; Coal is turning to ashes, and Prosperity is limping. Times are hard."

"Yes! The self-denying Horse Leech is suffering," the Octopus replied, with a wink. "But consider your native land. If the Jelly Fish is to arrive, we must have ten millions for printing and—well, paper. My boy, your widow's mite ought to be about three of them. With that in sight, I can promise you a fat and juicy republic, with varicose veins anxious for your ardor and enthusiasm. Smoke up."

"Under the circumstances," murmured the sighing H. L., "I must be with the old flag. Let the empire and its civilization be judiciously distributed, and every Horse Leech will be for the Constitution and Honest Money—your money and mine. Here's a trifle for printing; but please tie up that Bronco, or we'll get cold feet."

Joseph Smith.

A Good Man, Too!

IT is always more or less of a blow when a malodorous cause gets a good man upon its side. President Eliot, of Harvard, in supporting vivisection, gives reasons for taking this surprising step. The reasons are not so bad as the cause itself; that would be impossible. But they are very old and threadbare and very weak, having been knocked in the head a great many times.

The doctors have evidently been talking to President Eliot, and he has accepted with a touching simplicity whatever they have chosen to administer.

Here is one of his arguments, a fair sample of them all: "How many cats or guinea pigs would you or I sacrifice to save the life of our child or to win a chance of saving the life of our child?"

And if a mother would not sacrifice college presidents to save the life of her child, what sort of a mother would she be?

Is this an argument for the cutting up alive of college presidents?

And from President Eliot—our own Prex—the head of a university where the principles of logic—and of ethics—are imparted!

Realism.

SCENE: CHILDREN'S PARTY (*Punch and Judy show going*): Tom discovered by his hostess's papa in tears.

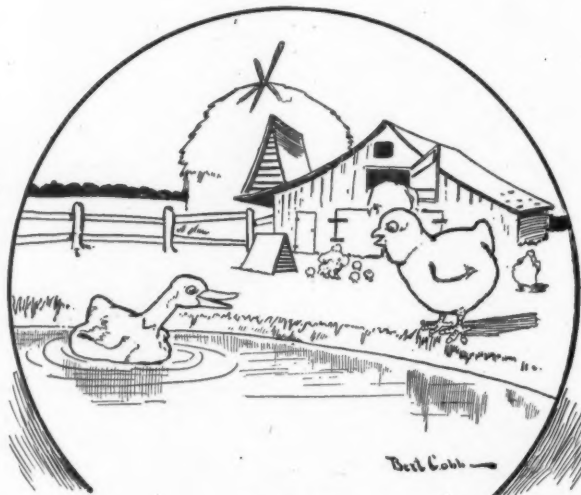
HOSTESS'S PAPA: Afraid, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls.

POOR FRIGHTENED TOMMY: They won't be dolls when I dream about them to-night.

On the Links.

"YOU ought to be ashamed to swear so dreadfully at the caddy. He is the minister's little boy."

"It's all right. His father believes in infant damnation."



PLAYING TAG.

"NO FAIR GOING IN THE WATER."



"ME UND MINE BRUDDER VE LOOKS SO MUCH MIT VON UNNODDER AS SOMEBODY CAN TELL NOT VAT IS DER LIKENESS BETWEEN DER DIFFERENCE OF US APART."

Send On Your Relatives.



WE recommend the City Asylum at Baltimore for heirs and such like having insane relatives of property who are in the way. There is a very pretty record of some experiments made on the patients by Henry J. Berkley, M. D., of the Johns Hopkins University. Recognizing the fact that the extract of the thyroid gland, when administered to human beings, produces poisonous symptoms, and that "when this administration is pushed even to a moderate degree, death is almost invariably the result, either through the advent of convulsions, or extensive loss of weight with indications of profound poisoning of the central nervous system," he decided to make some experiments upon eight insane patients of the City Asylum.

We skip the details, which are appalling, and, considering the epoch and the country, incredible. Of the eight victims, two became frenzied, one "absolutely demented and degraded," and two died.

What better advertisement for the City Asylum at Baltimore?

Send your feeble-minded relatives of property right on to Dr. Berkley. No sickly sentiment about him!

Our Ethnological Corner.

SHORT HISTORIES OF GREAT RACES.

THE CELTS OR HIBERNIANS.

THIS race is bounded on the north by the Harlem River, on the east by Hell Gate, on the south by the Aquarium, and on the west by Jersey City. Its capitol is located on Fourteenth Street, which is also the seat of the United States Government, or will be soon.

The race is actively engaged in political industries, and raises bosses extensively. It has the boss instinct keenly developed, not only among the males, but the females also, who in domestic occupations are monarchs. Every Hibernian woman is a queen in the house of a stranger.

The race subsists chiefly upon whiskey, potatoes and votes.

It was formerly governed by one branch of the Anglo-Saxon people. Now it rules over the other, illustrating the historical law of compensation. It is roving in temperament, having been observed as far West as Kansas City.

THERE is likely soon to be a new word in the dictionary. The word is partitionist. It will doubtless be defined thus in English dictionaries:

Partitionist: Any nation that takes part in the conversion and civilization of any other inferior nation. Any one of a number. Partitionist necessarily depends upon the presence of others, for, otherwise, there would be no partition; hence this is a word of association. *Syn.*: To Christianize. To grab. To assimilate. To wipe out. *Der.*: Fr., Eng., Rus., Ger. and U. S.



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LIFE.



MONDAY MORNING.

Divorces, Pages 9-15.

All the News
that's
Unfit to Print.

NEW YORK INFERNAL

EDITION FOR AND ADVERTISER GREATER NEW YORK

Crimes and Scandals, All Pages.

Daily Sworn
Circulation,
477,846,373 Copies.

No. 41,144.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 29, 1901.—876 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT (In Hades and Elsewhere.)

QUEEN VICTORIA BECOMES A CATHOLIC.



Queen Victoria.

WHAT GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT THINKS OF THE INFERNAL.

High Praise from the Hero of
San Juan Hill.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, Albany,
Feb. 29.—In reply to your request
for my opinion
of THE INFERNAL, I am glad
to say that I
have never
seen anything
like it. It is a
lovely com-
mentary on the
intelligence of
the people of
New York that
you exist in
that city. I would rather be editor of
THE INFERNAL than Vice-President.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



Governor Roosevelt.

Special Cable to The New York Infernal.

LONDON, Feb. 29.—Your London correspondent learns on undoubted authority—in fact, from the third assistant scullery maid at Windsor Castle—that Queen Victoria has joined the Catholic Church.
J. B. S.

THE AWFUL DEPEW SCANDAL.

An Infernal Reporter Hides in the
Coal Bin.

All the Particulars.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—As usual, THE INFERNAL, by the use of its own peculiar methods of enterprise, has secured the truth, the whole truth, and everything but the truth in the Depew case. One of its most serious features is brought to light by the



cleverness of an INFERNAL reporter, who lay concealed for twenty-four hours in the coal-bin of Senator Depew's residence in Washington. His sufferings were intense but he got the news. THE INFERNAL is now able to state for a certainty that yesterday

(Continued on Page 946.)

ANOTHER STRIKING INSTANCE OF INFERNAL ENTERPRISE!

The Friend of the People Finds that Mayor Van Wyck Owns Stock in the Push-Cart Trust.

By bribing one of the push-cart men THE INFERNAL has found out that Mayor Van Wyck is a half-owner with Richard Croker and others in push-cart No. 1736. The price of peanuts has lately been advanced by the push-

cart men to 3 cents a small cup! The Mayor issues the push-cart licenses. He is directly responsible for this conspiracy to starve the poor people on the East side. Who gave him his interest in 1736?

Where did you get it?

Why did you get it?

How did you get it?

HORRIBLE CRUELTY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

The Heartless Wife of a Millionaire Banker.

Last night about ten o'clock two workingmen, who had, perhaps, been drinking too much, were walking up Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of Fiftieth Street. One of them was overcome in front of the residence of Henry B. Van Voorhees, the Nassau Street banker. His companion vainly tried to rouse him, and then ascended the steps of the Van Voorhees mansion and rang the bell. A haughty butler came to the door, and the workingman requested that

he might bring his friend in and put him to bed, as he was unable to go home. At this instant came Mrs. Van Voorhees herself, clad in the same silks, satins and diamonds that had made her conspicuous at the Metropolitan Opera House all winter. In the stern, cold voice of the woman of fashion she ordered the butler to call a policeman. Officer Gallagher summoned a patrol wagon, and the poor fellow and his faithful friend were taken to the station house.



"CAN YOU BEAT THIS FOR EASE AND COMFORT? AND THE NAME 'LITTLE PET.'"

The Churchman and the Chink.

A FABLE.



WAS a saffron-hued Chinese
Hit his pipe and sipped his tea.
Eke it was a Missionary,
Suave and sanctimonious, very;
Chanced to meet, one pleasant
day,

Out in China, far away.
"John," the Christian thus began,
"You're a most benighted man,
And, if you can spare a few
Minutes, I would plead with you."

For an hour, or maybe two,
Spoke that Missionary. Do
You desire I should repeat
All the details of the sweet,
Kindly, solemn discourse he
Showered upon that mild Chinese?
No; suffice it that he spread
Christian talk upon the head
Of the Heathen, till he had
Proved to him his life was bad,
That his Joss was good for naught,
That from all which he'd been taught
He should (from that instant) turn,
Banish, loathe, forget, unlearn.
Oh, this adept at the trick
Laid it on, and laid it thick!

He convinced the Chink, in short,
That the only proper sort
Of religion on which to count
Issued from a single fount,
Flowing—not in bad Pekin,
No; the fount located in
His fair country, far away—
That is, Boston, U. S. A.

Then that erstwhile Heathen boy
Smiled a smile of goodly joy.
"Oh," said he, and wiped his eye,
"Melican man, he make me cly.
Me, poor, heathen Chinese man.
You no leally mean I can
Go to Heaven, blight and blue,
When I die, along of you?"

Play the hahp, in heavenly ban',
Allee same like Melican man?

Wear your halo, blight and pure?"
"Sure," said the Missionary, "sure!
John, you are one of us! Henceforth!
Christian is Christian; south or north,
East or west, whenever he came,
Christian's a Christian, fact and name.
And if Heaven will take in me,
John, you'll be welcome, also. See?"

Once again the Heathen child
Lifted up his face and smiled.
"Now," said he, "I guess I go
Out by China, for I know
I be welcomed in that gland,
Lubly place you call your land!
I be Chlistian, so I can,
Allee same like Melican man,
Go to that United State,
And enjoy its mercies gleat.
I be Chlistian, and I'm boun'
Stlaightaway for Boston town!"

Then that white man's face to view
Would have been a treat to you!
"Cease," cried he. "Benighted child,
Let your fancies not run wild.
Dost imagine that you may
To my country journey? Say,
John, you'd find a stack of gates
Up in the United States
If you tried to pass the shore.
No, my yellow friend, give o'er
Your ideas. From dreams pray swerve.
Slant-eyed youth, you've got a nerve!"

Honestly, you should have seen
What a change o'erspread the mien
Of that vexed and puzzled Chink.
"Ha," he faltered, "let me think.
Chinese man all light can go
To your Heaven. You tell me so.
Why not good all samee, then,
For the land of Melican men?
Mission feller, tell me that!"

Mute that Missionary sat.
Mute, and turned away his eye,
Thinking of a good reply;
But the best that came to hand
Was, "Oh, you can't understand!"

Calmly rose the Heathen kid,
Up he rolled his sleeve, and did
What was very wrong, no doubt—
Threw that Missionary out,
Like a stone or stick of wood—
Threw him hard, and far, and good!
Saying, with an accent bland,
"Oh, no; me no understand!"

Poor, misguided Heathen one!
You must pay for what you've done.
Righteous men are at your door,
You must answer with your gore
For your deed of dreadful force.
You can't reason why, of course,
You must yield to their demand.
Heathen, "You don't understand!"

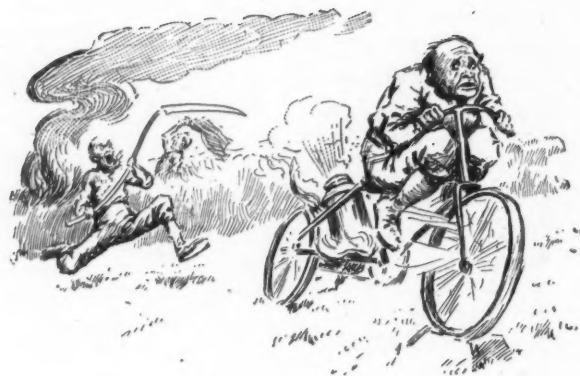
Paul West.

A New Method.

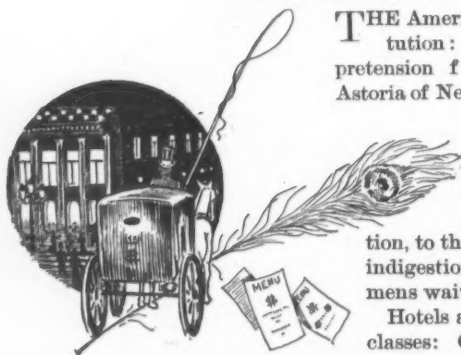
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wood fireproof has reached such a
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probability.

This invention and its application is
respectfully indicated to the officials of
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ford Railroad. Under the present
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cars are kept out in the heat of a broil-
ing hot sun until just before the trains
are ready to start.

But if they were rendered fireproof,
they could, by artificial means, be sub-
jected to a much greater heat, and thus
increase the edification of the passen-
gers.



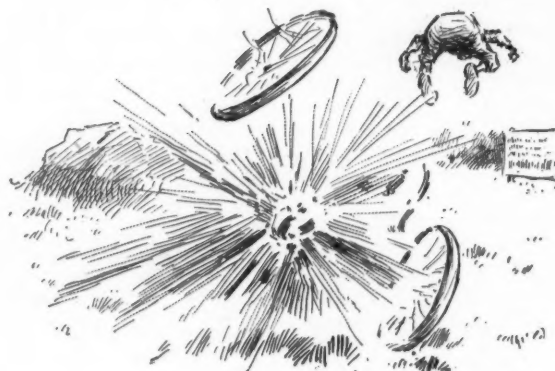
The American Hotel.



THE American hotel is an institution: it ranges in size and pretension from the Waldorf-Astoria of New York to the Glacier Hotel of Cape Nome; from the caravansary where French-named dishes induce apoplexy and stupefaction, to the rural hashery where indigestion and delirium tremens wait on appetite.

Hotels are divided into three classes: City hotels, usually called houses, located in real cities; houses given over to boarding, lodging and stabling, sonorously termed hotels, located in centers variously called cities and towns, and in rural places; and beach hotels, usually called by some mellifluous and billowy name, and located on sand, clam-shell, oyster-shell and cinder heaps, facing salt water.

THE City Hotel is a place to which the kidnapped traveler is brought from railroad stations by the bandit who seizes him, and while he is being permitted to write his name in a book a haughty person, with ornaments, inspects him with fine scorn. All persons west of Buffalo register from Chicago and Cleveland; all north of New York from Boston; it is a universal law that people living outside of these storm centers never travel. The traveler makes remarks and suggestions which are ignored; a bell is rung sharply; the haughty, ornamental person says, "Front"; the captive is hustled into an elevator, shot up many flights, and disgorged into a small room, where he is inspected by a small, cigarette-flavored youth, who throws his bags on the floor, holds out his hand, and glares. Should the hand be ignored, the youth flies and returns with ice-water and an extended hand, when the tired traveler gives up, or does worse. When the traveler eats, the despot of the dining-room selects some spot he doesn't want and makes him sit there. During his captivity he is charged for everything he does, says, sees, suggests; the parlor, ice-water, stationery,



soap and service are free to all except the so-called guest. The guest is the hotel clerk's hated foe; everybody else is his friend; hence the system. The guest is charged for board, lodging and attendance, but he is graciously permitted to pay everybody's wages in fees before he gets those



GOING TO WELCOME HUBBY.
"CLUB INDEED! I'LL CLUB HIM!"

things. By this simple rule hotel keepers become millionaires and eligible for the Senate, and their daughters marry decayed dukes and bankrupt barons. Hotel keepers are mountaineers by birth; no others need apply; in Europe they are Swiss; in America they are raised in Vermont and New Hampshire or bred in Old Kentucky.

THE Houses called hotels in shop-worn cities are run for the convenience of drummers and dramatic troupers; the outside public who are wrecked there and who pay fat prices for lean treatment, are mere incidents in them; they, perhaps, get some trifling attention after the drummers and troupers have no further use for the amiable help. The house has help, not servants. The ordinary American, battling with the bulletin known as a bill of fare, is regaled with the early Assyrian anecdotes of the traveling gent and the personal glories of the trouper as first aids to digestion. A waitress, inflated with the antique persiflage of the drummer and awed by the renown of the leading gent, wonders why the ordinary wayfarer dares to invoke her aid, and the traveler suffers. At night, if he has not taken ether, the guest is apt to hate A. R. T., for he finds the midnight hours clamorous with the grievances of stars, soubrettes, heroes, singers, heavy villains, vaudivilleins and plain chori, when he needs peace and silence for rest. Should he affect the parlor or office in the absence of trouper or drummer, he will find the natives of the dis-

trict assembled there to inquire into his past, present and future career. The redeeming feature of the Spanish Inquisition was its intolerance of hotels.

The American hotel is a genuine American institution; it is a form of crime peculiar to this Continent; there is nothing like it anywhere else on earth.

J. S.

THOSE who have the impression that the Chinese are behind us in civilization, should read the following:

Chinese women earnest. They not spend time making their hair crooked on irons, making their waists small, making their dresses full of frills and changing all time. Chinese women not strive for how to look, but how to be. . . . You not understand our ways. You not like some—about the marriage. But it is better. You think it hard. It is wisdom.

Mme. Wu in the World.

We would not be so impolite as to assert that there may be some truth in what Mme. Wu asserts with so much originality.

But her remark does not strike us as being "barbarian" to a marked degree.

"BR'ER JOHNSON," said the elder of one of the colored churches to the recently-appointed pastor, "what does yo' tink ob de congregashun?"

"Well, Br'er Jones, sence yo' asks me, I mus' say dey is er scrubby lookin' set."

"Why, what does yo' mean, Br'er Johnson? Dey has mo' camp meetin's and get 'ligion oftener dan mos' eny congregashun in de town."

"Dat's jes' it, Br'er Jones, dat's jes' it. Dey has done wore out de seats ob dey pants backslidin', and de knees er prayin' fer fo'gibeness."



Visitor: I SUPPOSE WHEN YOUR SON ISAAC GROWS UP HE'LL BECOME A RABBI, EH?
Mrs. Solhetmer: HOW DID YOU GUESS DAT VE VERE HEPREWS?



THE DOCTOR.

The doctor tells you what to eat
And likewise what to wear.
He checks each pleasure that you meet
And says "you do not dare."

The doctor is a canny elf—
He warns us 'gainst diseases,
But wears his clothes to please himself
And eats just what he pleases. —Exchange.

MR. CLYDE FITCH, the playwright, had two reasons for joining with New Yorkers in celebrating the recent Nathan Hale anniversary—his own enthusiasm for the hero and the memory of the wonderful success of his play by that name. Incidentally, Mr. Fitch told a good story on himself.

When Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had finished the season's run with Nathan Hale, and Mr. Fitch, the author, invited them to a dinner at his apartments, he pondered long on what to have as the *pièce de résistance*. It must be something suggestive of the hero of the play.

On his way down town on the day of the dinner he saw an exquisite statue in bronze of Nathan Hale displayed in a jeweler's window. The figure was a replica of the famous statue that stands in City Hall Park.

The very thing, he thought, to put in the centre of the table upon a huge bed of red, white and blue flowers!

By the time he got into the shop and was waited on his enthusiasm had grown so that he had decided to have that statue at any price. He already saw on the faces of his guests their looks of delight at his ingenuity. And he determined that the statue must be his own permanently, if he could find a place for it.

The clerk told him the price was three hundred and fifty dollars. This did not make him hesitate, and he gave the

firm his name and address, and asked that he be allowed to take the statue home, so that he could try its height in a certain niche which he hoped it would fit. He would give them his check for one hundred dollars for security, take a hansom and carry the statue home with him, being personally responsible for its safety. He would return it early on the morrow if it didn't fit.

The firm, knowing him as a man of reputation, agreed, and off drove Mr. Fitch with his beloved bronze.

The dinner was a success. The guests were enthusiastic over Mr. Fitch's clever *pièce de résistance*.

Mr. Goodwin took the host aside and said:

"Clyde, I don't want to be impolite, but, you see, Maxine has gone wild over that statue of Hale. Clever thing, you know, great idea—symbolic, sentimental, and all that sort of thing. Now, old fellow, you know what a woman is when her heart is set on a thing; why not sell it to me and let me give it to her as a souvenir of our successful year?"

Mr. Fitch demurred, for his heart was set on keeping that bronze; but he could not refuse such a favor to Mrs. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin made out a check for three hundred and fifty dollars, and Mrs. Goodwin was blissful. Mr. Fitch sent two hundred and fifty dollars to the firm the next day, with many thanks, saying the statue and the niche harmonized perfectly. —Saturday Evening Post.

PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS once asserted that he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles," adding that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

On hearing of this, William Morris Hunt, the foremost American painter of his day, dryly inquired:

"Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams's estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he placed upon fifty cents?" —Argonaut.

AN American, who had occasion to consult a prominent business man in Rio Janeiro, tells of his experience in a letter to the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

"Senhor José has not yet arrived," the head clerk would say, blandly, when I inquired for his principal.

"How soon will he be in?" I would ask, innocently.

"God knows, senhor," the clerk would reply, still unruffled.

"Then, perhaps, after calling five or six times, I would get desperate, and a conversation something like this would ensue:

"Will Senhor José be here to-day?"

"Ah, senhor, I know not."

"Well, to-morrow, then?"

"Perhaps; who knows?"

"But I want to make an appointment. Do you expect him any time next week?"

"It is possible, senhor."

"Oh! confound it! Will he be here this year?"

"He may, senhor." —N. Y. Tribune.

THE small son of a Chicago parson came home one day with a badly-disfigured face. His father called him up for the usual heart-to-heart talk.

"What have you been doing?"

"Fighting."

"Son, have you forgotten what I have said about fighting?"

"He hit me on the cheek."

"How often have I told you that the Good Book tells us to turn the other cheek?"

"I did, pa—honest—but he smashed me on the nose, and I called that a foul and went in and licked the stuffin' out of him. And, pa, he's been to Sunday-school as much as I have, and ought to know the rules!" —Wave.

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They used to sing some time ago

A rather plaintive song:

"Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long."

But nowadays the song is set

With music to the rhyme:

"Man wants as much as he can get,

And wants it all the time." — *Tit-Bits*.

"WHEN it comes to hunting for souls," remarked the first heathen, "most of these missionaries are birds."

"So they are," replied the other; "they're regular birds of pray." — *Philadelphia Record*.

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"Three dollars an inch," replied the editor, gruffly.

The messenger departed, but in a little while he returned and said:

"Ma' says dad wuz six foot two inches, but he wuzn't wuth three dollars!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

"SHE talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors."

"Yes?"

"And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows."

"Well?"

"Oh, they're married now." — *Chicago Record*.

FIRST RABBIT: That town boy has been around here nearly a week and never once tried to kill us.

SECOND RABBIT: Yes; he seems to be devoid of all human attributes — *Indianapolis Press*.

ORDER a case of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. Tell your friends it is the best. Then say, "I told you so!"

LORD SALISBURY invariably lunches at the Athnæum, the most solemn of London clubs, the membership of which consists of eminent doctors, judges, lawyers, and, above all, bishops. One rainy day, as the Premier was starting out to his noonday meal, one of his secretaries observed that he had no umbrella. He rushed after the chief with his own, a silver-mounted one.

"No, no," said Lord Salisbury; "I've lost too many in the Athnæum. I cannot trust the bishops!" — *Waver*.

SHE: Take care, Alfred; that isn't the remedy for sea-sickness. Don't you see the bottle is marked "Poison"?

HE (groaning): That's the one I want. — *Tit-Bits*.

THE PHILADELPHIAN: Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?

CHICAGOAN (proudly): Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world! — *Indianapolis Press*.

TEACHER: Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator?

JOHNNY: Can't, sir.

"Correct. That will do." — *Yale Record*.

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(Mention this magazine)

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It matters not just where,

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They'll search it to its lair;

They'll banish it so soothingly

You'll never feel the action.

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You will save time by keeping your eye on the ball, not on the player.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S

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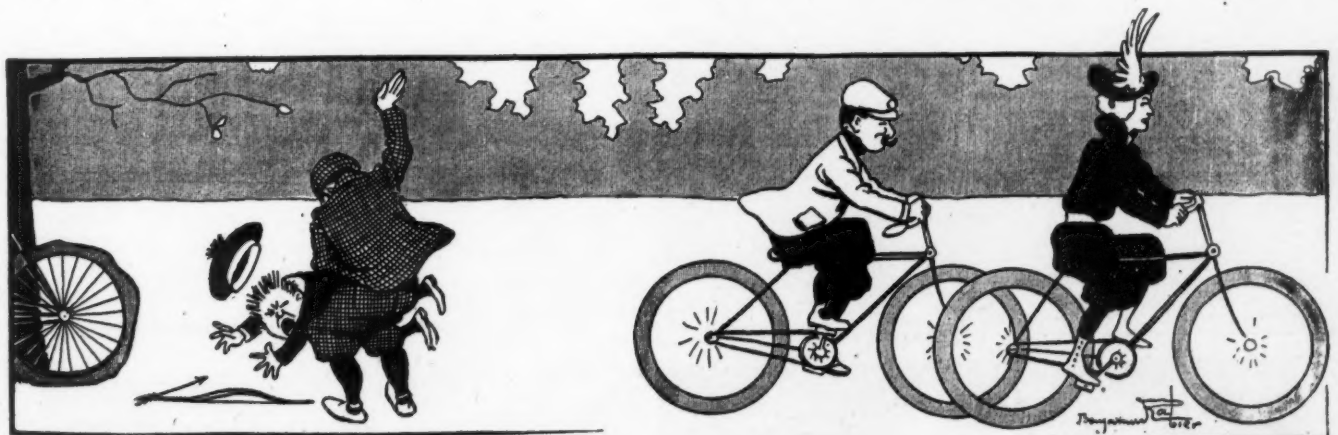
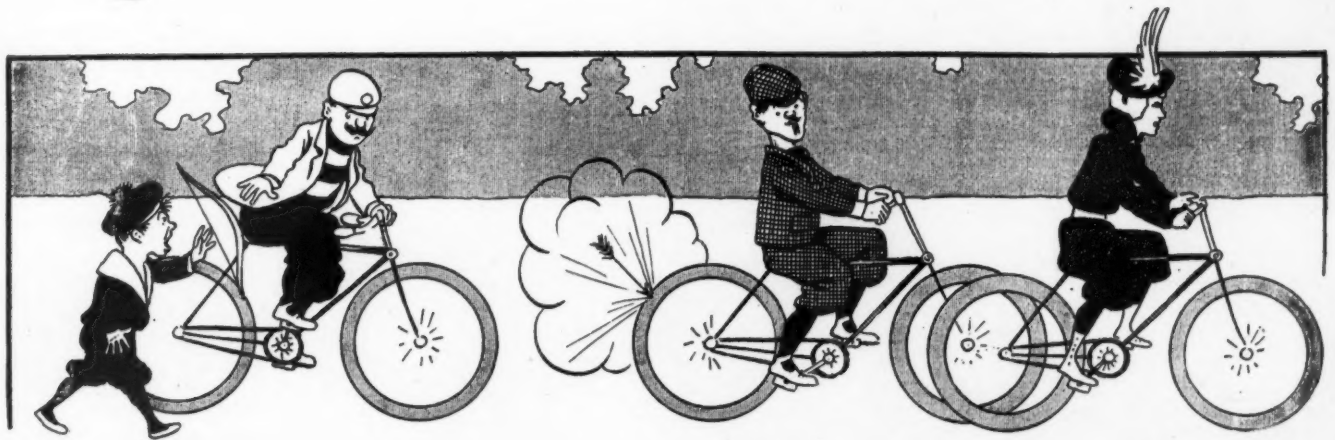
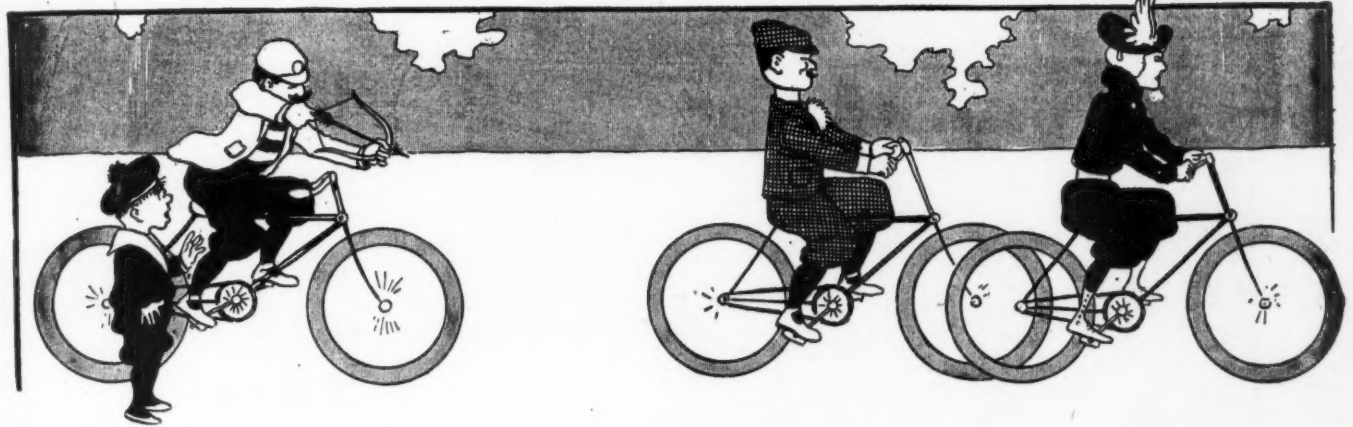
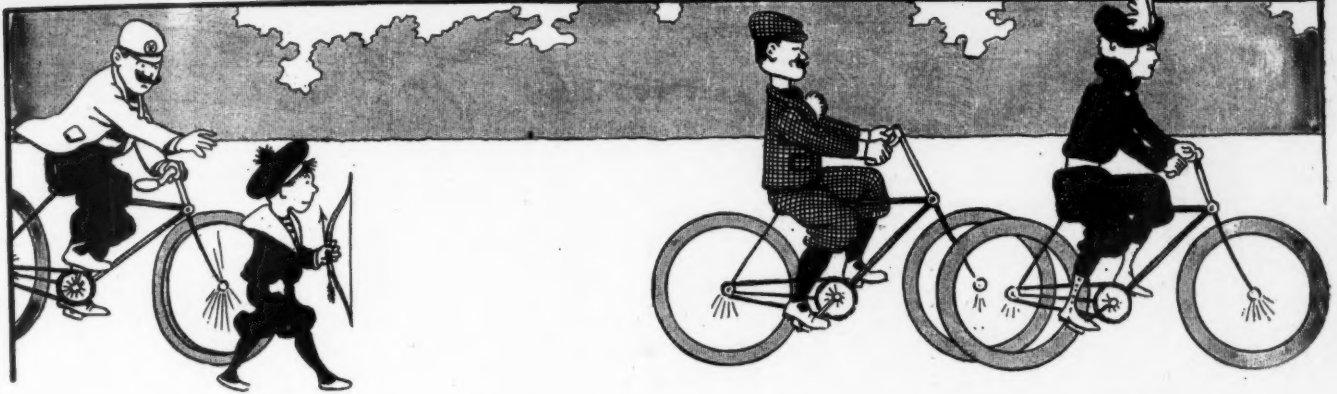
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